

ORANGE & BLUE.

FOOT BALL NUMBER.

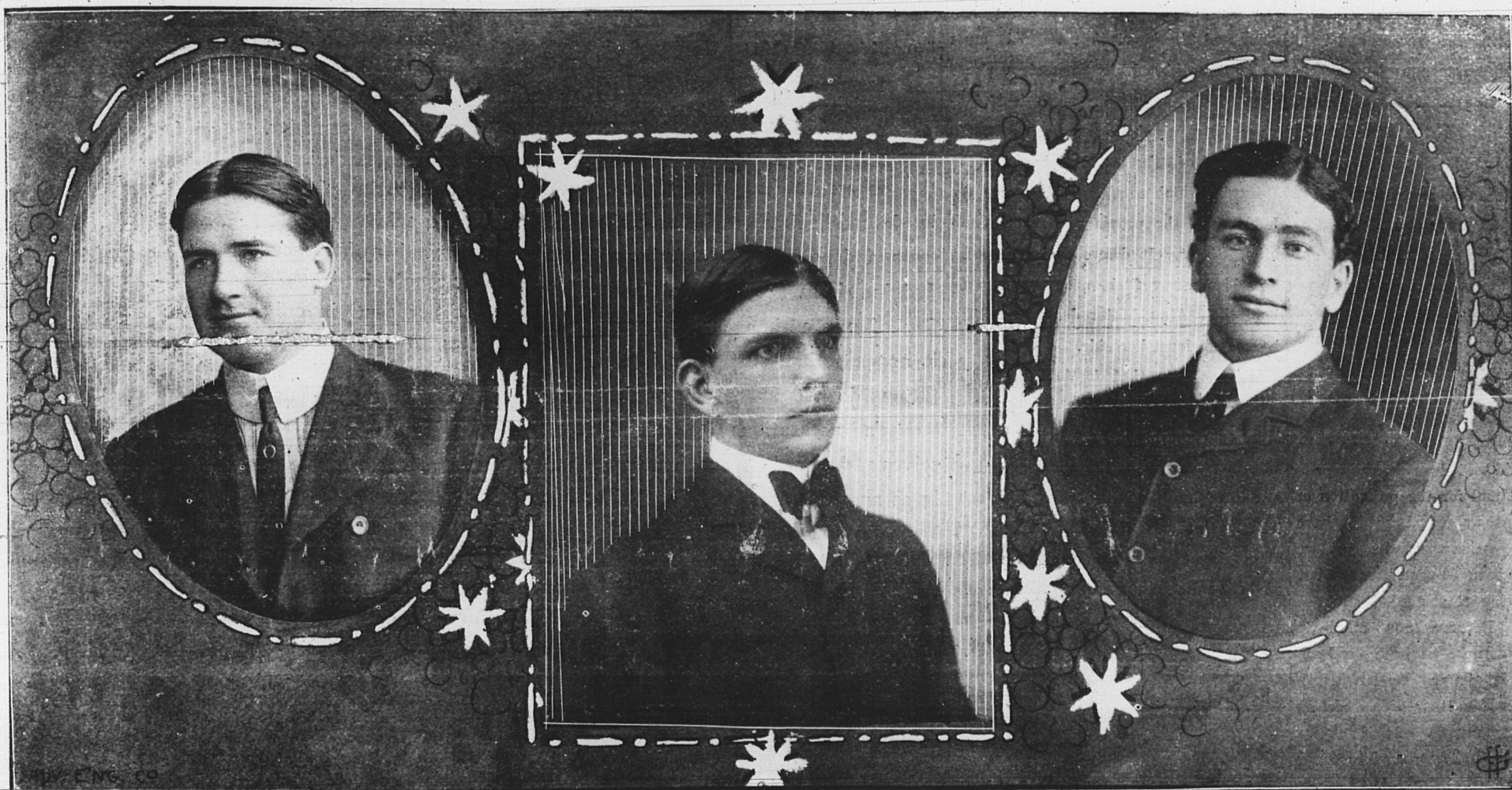
ALABAMA POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE.

VOL. X.

AUBURN, ALABAMA, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1903.

NO. 5.

HER TEAM HAS DONE ITS BEST: AUBURN CAN ASK NO MORE



PROFESSOR MITCHAM

He has put his shoulder to the wheel and helped to make Auburn's less a losing team than it might have been.

TOM BRAGG

President of the Advisory Board, and general watchdog of Auburn's athletics.

COACH BATES

He has done all in his power to make Auburn's team a winner and has done well with his material.

Red and Black

Waves Over Orange and Blue.
Georgia, 22; Auburn, 13,
Was the Final Score.

By B. L. SHI.

The Auburn Special, decorated from front to rear with flags and bunting of orange and blue, bearing nearly two hundred yelling students of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, rolled into the Union depot in Atlanta at 11:00 A. M. on Thanksgiving day. Twenty seconds later, the well-known "ak-a-te-yak" broke from the throats of 200 Auburn supporters and told in accents terrible that Auburn had come ready for the battle with Georgia. For five minutes the depot reverberated with the yells of the enthusiastic rooters. Then, headed by the College band, they marched to the quarters of the Auburn team at Hotel Aragon. Here, with cheer after cheer they greeted their team and showed their determination to stand by it right or wrong. Then the

Although the past foot-ball season has not been a successful one with Auburn from the standpoint of games, still it is not altogether a source of regret. Auburn has had very hard luck from many causes. Some of her best men were disabled at the start, and some were forced for various reasons to give up foot-ball. Still, all in all, she has not dishonored the name made in the past for the Tigers of Alabama. Her team has been light and small, averaging the youngest on the gridiron; but for pluck and determination there was not a team that could hold a color above her. She has worked hard, and with all her lost games against her, there is not her equal—if you speak of the brave defenders of the Orange and Blue.

band in the wagonette decorated with orange and blue, followed by Auburn boys, paraded the principal streets of the city, and by their cheers and songs attracted the attention and elicited the admiration of the thousands who thronged the streets. The game was scheduled to be called at 2:30 P. M., but owing to a misunderstanding of the car schedules, our squad did not reach Brisbane until 2:40. As they trotted briskly out upon the field, they were greeted with cheers and yells by the many lovers of the Orange and Blue. Despite the fact that Tech. and Carolina were playing at Piedmont Park, and that the management had been recently embarrassed by the fire at Brisbane Park, there were 6,500 people who

had congregated to witness the tenth annual battle between the rival colleges of Georgia and Alabama. In the crowd, there were many besides the A. P. I. students that wore the Orange and Blue, while over at Piedmont, the entire Tech. aggregation were wishing that victory would alight on our banner. At 2:55 the coin was tossed, Capt. Paterson of Auburn winning. He chose to have the wind to his back. Georgia kicked off to Auburn and the great battle was on. The first half was a surprise to all the spectators. After a few minutes of play, Auburn scored a safety, netting her two points, and Georgia had lost first blood. The ball was kicked off again and, after several bucks, Auburn

had carried it to Georgia's 40 yd. line. Here, McEniry signaled for a try for goal. Hobbie, Auburn's right half and chief buckler, fell back; Merkle snapped the oval into his hands and—Hobbie did the rest. Score Auburn 7; Georgia 0. But turn your eyes from the gladiators a moment, and look at the bleachers lined with Georgia supporters. Not a flag is stirring, no ribbon frantically waving in the breeze, no cheers from that crowd reach the ear. Was the vulture of defeat to alight upon the Red and Black banner? Georgia, you have been too confident. You have a hard proposition to solve. Again the ball is kicked off. After an interchange of kicks. (Continued on Fourth Page.)

Thanksgiving Debate

Saturday evening the annual debate of the Wirt and Websterian Literary Societies was held in Langdon Hall. The young men chosen to represent their respective societies reflected credit on themselves both in the preparation and delivery of their speeches. The chairman for the occasion was Mr. John McDuffie, President of the Websterian Society, and Mr. Knowles was secretary. The subject for debate was, "Resolved, That organized labor is a greater menace to the people than organized capital." Mr. John Denson for the affirmative was the first speaker up, and in a simple, solid way endeavored to show the good resulting from organized capital that many individual concerns could hardly accomplish. The next speaker was Mr. Eric Alsbrook for the negative. He began by pointing out that the organization of labor was but the result of organized capital—cre-

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

Orange and Blue

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Contributions for ORANGE AND BLUE will always be sincerely appreciated, and should be in the hands of the Editors not later than Saturday before week of issue.

With this issue the Orange and Blue makes its fifth appearance before the public under its present management, and with perhaps a little more trepidation than heretofore. In the beginning we said that we were but a fledgling in the literary barn-yard, and succeeding efforts have not justified us in even one faint crow. Since our first issue we have glanced down in vain for signs of one poor feather, but they will not come; and now that the air is cold we shiver and shiver for the feathers of the knowing and somewhere to warm our numbed limbs.

We have said and done many things in the interest and for the promotion of this paper that we would hardly have said and done otherwise. In this we have perhaps been hypocritical; but it is a hypocrisy of the mind and not of the heart. Because our mind is prone to run amuck, we have endeavored to keep it in a comparatively straight line while its words occupy space in these columns. At times we have said things that we ourselves could not conform to, or at least have never done so; but which we deemed with the truest of motives best for this paper. We have worked hard, very hard—much harder than it is our wont—for the advancement of this paper, partly because we love the particular work, partly for its success. If frequently the result of this work is an open demonstration of our disqualification—if at times we subject ourselves to ridicule by doing things for which we are not capacitated, but which we cannot persuade others to do for us—we should not be told of it. It hurts us, it pains us, and it is unkind. Though the truth throughout the ages has been the one god, or goddess in raiment of white as the case may be, to be knelt to, sometimes in our heart of hearts, disassociated from the glamour which naturally enfolds the truth, we prefer a smiling lie. Sometimes—for a lie, though a lie in all its naked wrong, is not half a lie when it is backed by a kind heart and a charitable purpose, but has something of truth to off-set the bitterness of its name. It is still a lie with all the repulsiveness that certain uses have brought upon it; but it shows that the teller is human, that he has not the stern heart to cut to the quick a fellow creature, and with all that lie to stain his soul, if it must, we love him. So, if aught else cannot be done, smile and pass me by.

FOOTBALL.

For a little more than ten years football has been an institution of our college, battling for an existence with a rush, a stampede, and an enthusiasm that nothing can withstand. It has grown formidable with the passing of years till it now rises like a gigantic spectre to be crushed for its evil or loved for its warring strength. The events of its trial are chronicled in black headlines on newspaper fronts along with the tragedies of war, the deaths of eastern kings, and the number of shirts in the Pope's ward-robe. It has become something more than a contest between students of different colleges, created for the time being by rival teams to try their strength and determination; it means that it is recognized by the college; as a seat of learning, for its good or evil, and is consequently hindered or promulgated by those in authority.

When all is said and done, the first thing that should concern a college is her character. That is the heart of her life; and the blood that visits it must be kept untainted. Next, and perhaps that which requires the most skillful finesse in manipulation, comes her reputation. It is the bread of her life, the thing by which she lives—the name she holds with the people of her own and other States. It draws to her support new blood, new flesh, and new men to hold their Alma Mater dear when they have gone from her side.

We are sure that football helps the reputation of a college. Now it has been questioned whether such a reputation is conducive to the advancement of a college in directions other than athletics. But even if it has supplanted many conditions which previously existed before its coming—many things of a lighter and less pugnacious nature—we think it is for the best. Those conditions which were prevalent before the advent of football—such as the interest manifested in the debating and fraternal societies—with all their tendency for good—had not the power of bringing the students together in one common mass, in one common sympathy for one common cause, that football has. Such a mass for such a cause comes nearer to representing the democracy which we have than aught else within the portals of a college can. Everyone has not the ability to speak, or at least the perseverance to cultivate what ability he has; and, if everyone was a speaker, part would keep the floor all the time and part would have to chew their words. Everyone does not care to be a fraternity man; but with all its faults there is one thing that can put a song in every heart and a voice in every throat. If the purpose of a college is only to develop the moral, the intellectual, and the physical parts of a student, football should go—for if it fails in all of these except in the physical development of those few who participate in its plays. But if the purpose of a college is something besides these more constrained attainments—if she wishes to drop a hoop of steel around those who love her, and draw them closer together till they touch each others coats and hear each other's hearts whisper, "What is your badge—give the counter-sign—ah yes, from Auburn"—she will have to go East and West and home again before she will have found something to replace football.

"Athletics and Mental Degradation."

In our last issue we had something to say in reply to a pamphlet issued by an alumnus of this institution and entitled "Athletics and Mental Degradation." We intended with what was then said to close the matter for all time, so far as this paper was concerned; but a few things have recently occurred which make it necessary for us to take up the subject again. The writer of the pamphlet has been possessed of the idea that "the times are out of joint" in the college world and he, like Hamlet, is "born to set them right." He states that Southern college have imported from the institutions of the North "all that is bad and very little that is permanent good," and cites the condition of affairs at Auburn, his Alma Mater, in proof of his statements. The writer intended what he said to apply to all institutions for higher education where students participated in intercollegiate athletic contests, and not merely to Auburn.

Judging from the editorial in a few of our exchanges, however, it appears that our sister institutions do not take any of the writer's accusations to themselves and regard the article merely as an arraignment of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute. Much that they say reminds us of the Pharisee in the parable. We do not say that the statements contained in the pamphlet are true with regard to our sister colleges, any more than we admit that they are true with regard to Auburn. We discuss the pamphlet again merely to correct the impression concerning us that appears to prevail among a few Southern colleges and at the same time to refute a few of the writer's assertions.

Mr. Boyd, the author of the article, states that during the last ten years his Alma Mater has gone into a state of decline, which, he says, began with the advent of football and is therefore the result of the baneful effects of the game. Now after consulting a catalogue of the alumni, we observe that Mr. Boyd was graduated just about eleven years ago, or just a year before things, in his opinion, began to go to the bad. He should certainly be thankful that he got his diploma before the college began its downward grade. Every one at all familiar with college life knows that all old graduates always re-

fer to the days when they were students as "the good old times," and always regard the present student body has a set quite inferior to the men with whom they attended college. The article in question simply proves that Mr. Boyd's case is no exception to this rule—and proves nothing else.

We shall not enter here into a discussion of the advantages or disadvantages of intercollegiate athletics, but we shall attempt to show that the evils that are said to have crept into the college with the introduction of football have only an imaginary existence. Mr. Boyd's most serious charge is that there has been a fearful decline in scholarship. To prove his statement he gives an array of figures showing that where one fifth of the students received distinction in 1891, only one ninth received a similar honor in 1902. On the face of it this looks very bad, but there are certain other facts which, when duly considered, cause Mr. Boyd's statistics to prove the very opposite of what he intended. To achieve distinction in 1891 a member of the senior class was required to attain a grade of 90 per cent. in only three subjects; to receive this honor now he must attain an average of 90 per cent. in six subjects. It can readily be seen that where a dozen men can attain a grade of 90 in three subjects, not more than two or possibly three of this number will be able to make the same mark in six studies. Therefore when the faculty raised the standard for attaining distinctions there was a consequent falling off in the number who receive these honors. And not only is this true, but it is also a fact that every course in college has been expanded and "stiffened" within the last year or two, and in some instances the students have been assigned as much as six hours per week of additional work, thus making it still more difficult to achieve the required average in the requisite number of studies, Mr. Boyd's assertions to the contrary notwithstanding. It should be borne in mind, too, that year by year larger and larger numbers of earnest young men come here and take up technical courses of study, not for the purpose of achieving high honors in class or making grades, but for perfecting themselves in some branch of science or engineering. These swell the college roll without increasing the list of so-called "distinguished students," and tend constantly to lower the proportion of distinctions. The decrease in the number of distinctions therefore shows improvement rather than retrogression.

The assertion that the moral standard has been lowered can be

refuted, we think, by calling attention to one single fact; namely, that we now have the honor system, and this did not exist when Mr. Boyd was here. We could cite other instances indicating the opposite of what Mr. Boyd says, but think it unnecessary to do so.

If space permitted we could take up a few more points and show that most of the evils that our respected alumnus has written about do not exist at all and the very few that do exist are not to be attributed to athletics. We respectfully suggest to him that his article might have carried more weight if it had been expressed in less intemperate language.

In conclusion let us say that if the raising of the requirements for honors, the expansion of the courses of study, the adoption of the honor system—if all this means that we are going to the dogs, as our friend seems to think, then we are certainly going to the dogs, and let us pray to go faster.

[Editors' Note.—The preceding article was written at our request by one who is in a position to know well the statistics involved in the case, and he has fully expressed the sentiments of the Editors and those whom the Editors represent.]

COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

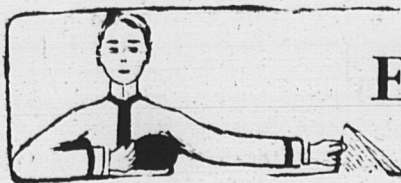
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Alpha Tau Omega, Kappa Alpha Phi Delta Theta, Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Sigma Nu, Pi Kappa Alpha, and Kappa Sigma.

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Presbyterian Church—Services second Sunday in each month, morning and evening. Rev. E. P. Davis, D. D., pastor. Sunday School 9:30 a. m. every Sunday, Dr. C. A. Cary, Superintendent.
Methodist Episcopal Church, South—E. A. Dannelly, pastor; C. C. Hatch, Sunday School Superintendent. Preaching services each Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. Devotional Meeting of Epworth League, Sunday 6:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.
Auburn Baptist Church—A. Y. Napier, pastor; Prof. J. F. Daggar, Sunday School Superintendent. Sunday School, 9:30 a. m. Divine Services, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Young Peoples' Union, 4:10 p. m. Prayer Meeting, 4 p. m. Wednesday afternoon.
Protestant Episcopal Holy Innocents Chapel—Rev. R. C. Jeter, priest in charge. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Holy Communion, 7:15 a. m. every Sunday except the first Sunday in each month. Evening prayer, every Friday at 4:30 p. m. Sunday School, 9:30 a. m., S. L. Toomer, Superintendent.
College Y. M. C. A.—Sunday, 3 p. m., Y. M. C. A. Hall.



EXCHANGES

John M. Duffie, Jr.

We are glad to have among our exchanges The Twentieth Century Tatler, University of Tennessee Magazine, Georgia Tech and The College Paper. We are sorry to note that the ~~Revue~~ and Crimson-White did not receive our last issue. Copies were sent to both papers.

One member of the Senior class declares that Lazarus went to heaven in a chariot of fire.

A man on rushing up to another demanded, "What is Ann's age?" and was knocked down. On inquiry of why he had been struck, the assailant replied, "Well, Ann is my wife and it is none of your business, sir, how old she is."—Ex.

If anything goes wrong, get one of Mr. Burton's fountain pens and make it right.

She—I shall have to refuse you again.

He—But this is positively the last time I shall propose.

She—Oh, well, that's different. Why didn't you say so?

Teacher—"Eddie, what's the longest sentence you can think of?"

Eddie—"Well, me Uncle Ike got a sentence for life. I s'pose dat's about de limit."

Long-Winded Lover—Ah me! and how can I show you all I have within my heart for you?

She (desperately bored)—Cut it out!—Journal.

Fresh—He's wandering in his mind.

Soph—He cannot wander far then.—Ex.

A mighty pain to love it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss,
But of all the pains, the greatest pain
It is to love, but love in vain,—Journal.

CO-EDUCATION.

Jack and Jill,
Went up the hill
To fill their heads with knowledge.
For at the top,
Where they must stop,
There was a little college.

Said Jack to Jill,
"This college hill,
Oh, is it not delightful?"
But on the day
For examina-
Tion, oh, their fall how frightful.—Ex.

REFLECTIONS OF A SPINSTER.

To remain a woman's ideal a man must die a bachelor.
Love that needs proving is counterfeit.
Renunciation is giving up what we can't have.
Friends are kept by silences—not by confidences.
The world's verdict is easier to overrule than that of one's own conscience.
When love sleeps jealousy is digging her grave. Everybody's Magazine.

Some Recent Accessions to the Library.

The Sun.—C. A. Young.	Optical Projection.—Lewis Wright.
From the Child's Standpoint.—Florence H. Winterburn.	Sound.—Fred M. Mayer.
Nursery Ethics.—Florence H. Winterburn.	Light.—Mayer and Barnard.
The Papal Monarchy.—William Barry.	The Chemical History of a Candle.—Michael Faraday.
Storage Battery Engineering.—Lamar Lyndon.	Lee at Appomattox, and Other Papers.—Charles Francis Adams.
Queen Victoria.—A. Biography.—Sidney Lee.	The Practical Gas Engineer.—E. W. Longanecker.
The Story of My Life.—Hellen Keller.	Symbolic Education.—Susan E. Blow.
Reconstruction and The Constitution.—John W. Burgess.	Children's Rights.—Kate Douglas Wiggin.
The Stars: A Study of the Universe.—Simon Newcomb.	Love and Law in Child Training.—Emilie Paulsson.
An Atlas of Astronomy.—Sir Robert Ball.	Recent Researches in Electricity and Magnetism.—J. J. Thomson.
The Story Hour.—Kate Douglas Wiggin.	Modern Machine Shop Tools.—W. H. Van der Voort.
The Jeffersonian Encyclopedia.—Edited by John P. Foley.	American Merchant Ships and Sailors.—W. J. Abbott.
Lovely Mary.—Alice Hegin Rice.	Italian Cities.—2 vols.—E. H. and E. W. Blashfield.
The Southerners.—Cyrus T. Brady.	Matter, Ether and Motion.—A. E. Dalbear.

Jungle Rhymes

II.
"Good friend," said the elephant, "now come with me

"To my home not far away.

"For I have there the finest ale

"You've drank in man a day."

The monkey thought—"Well this is fine,

"I know his store is large;

"Where might is right the best of things

"Must come into his charge."

"Moreover," thought the scheming monk,

"There's as much as I can swill.

"I'll take a bottle or so back home,

"The elephant foots the bill."

So with bows and smiles he thanks his friend,

And off they set in haste,

The elephant bent on revenge,

The monk the ale to taste.

The first part of their road was good,

The elephant showed the way.

They chatted as they went along

Till they had no more to say.

Quite soon their path became involved,

Canebrakes of deepest sort;

And often brambles barred the way;!

The elephant cared for naught.

The monkey followed in his wake

With hope still on his face,

Till bogging to his knees, cried out

"Good friend, isn't this the place?"

"Not yet," the elephant said with a smile,

"We haven't much farther to go.

"The reason I'm in such a hurry is,

"That I left without locking my door."

The monkey toiled through thorns and mud,

The elephant held his gait,

And often now the monk cried out

"Hey there! I'm brambled! Wait!"

The distant elephant came to a halt,

The monkey's hopes ran high,

For he thought he had come to his journey's end

At the river that ran near by.

But the elephant said, "This is the ford

"So get on my back and ride."

And then without another word

He strode into the tide.

As they neared the middle of the stream

The monkey began to think

Of how much farther he had to go,

And how much he would get to drink.

"By-the-way," said the monkey,

"Where is your home?"

As he twisted the elephant's tail,

The elephant answered with a smile,

"Now, monk, your fate bewail,

"My home is where my trunk is found,

"My ale is Adam's ale."

So saying he took the frightened monk

And placed him on a snag,

Then stepping off he deluged him

Till he clung there like a rag.

Behind the distant hills of gray,

The reddening sun was sinking fast.

Towards that point whence comes the day,

The trees their lengthening shadows cast.

A hungry crocodile soon came by

And of the monk caught sight,

The elephant peacefully went his way,

The monk stayed there allright.

E. R. T.

(Part III. Monkey and Crocodile.)

ORANGE & BLUE BARBER SHOP

I express my gratitude to all for their past patronage, and earnestly solicit your trade in the future.
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AUBURN, ALA.

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Seven degree courses are offered: (1) General, or Literary, Course. (2) Course in Civil Engineering. (3) Course in Chemistry and Metallurgy. (4) Course in Mining Engineering. (5) Course in Chemistry and Agriculture. (6) Course in Electrical and Mechanical Engineering. (7) Course in Pharmacy.

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EXPENSES.—Students from Alabama pay no tuition. Incidental fee per session, \$5.00; library fee, \$2.00; surgeon's fee, \$5.00; board per month, \$9.50 to \$15.00.

The college has no barracks or dormitories, and the students board in private homes, and thus enjoy all the protecting and beneficial influences of the family circle.

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Capitol Clothing Store

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Montgomery, Ala.

The Lone Heart.

Ten thousand ships of men o'er swung the main,
Ten thousand pennants flying,
Ne'er shall they see their native ports again;
Nor hear their moaning dying.
With tips of lance they dip and kiss the sea,
Vaunted glories do they fling,
Richest treasures do they bring,
But ne'er a kindly word bring they to me.

A million birds are flitting homeward west,
A million beauties bearing,
In little sweets of life have they been tlest,
Their dearest colors wearing,
I would not care for throat more clear and free,
Notes of freedom do they ring,
Songs of gladness do they sing,
But ne'er a song has e'er been sung for me.

A myriad of hearts are love to-day,
A myriad are smiling,
I wildly, wildly gave myself away,
Tears on my lost beguiling;
For close in halls they accept in charity,
For others do they live,
To others do they give,
But ne'er a tear has e'er been given me.

RED AND BLACK.

(Continued from First Page.)

Auburn secures the ball on Georgia's 40 yard line. By a series of bucks she advances the ball ten yards. Her obstinate offense puzzles the heavy Georgia line. In place of crumbling before the fierce onslaught, the light forwards were opening up huge gaps in the Georgia line. As Woodruff would pass the leather to his backfield, they would be tackled ere they had gained headway, and it was Auburn who was forcing the onslaught!

Georgia begins to awaken to the fact that she is being rushed off her feet, and now her line holds. Hobbie again falls back for a try at the goal. The wind is against him now and the oval falls short and into the arms of Woodruff, Georgia's little quarter. The little player switches around the left of the Auburn players and with fine interference and clever dodging dashes away for a touchdown, 105 yards away. Goal is kicked. Score, Georgia 6; Auburn 5.

This was indeed a beautiful run, and Woodruff was the hero of the day.

They kicked off again and after a few minutes of play Auburn secures the ball on Georgia's 20 yard line. Now after bucks by Reynolds, Zac Smith, and Hobbie, Auburn gets a touchdown. Hobbie kicks goal. Score, Auburn 13; Georgia 6.

After several minutes of play, Georgia secures the oval on Auburn's 30 yard line. They advance ball by end runs until they are in five yards of Auburn's goal line. Auburn's line now stiffens and ball goes over on downs. Hobbie punts but wind blows ball back to Auburn's 10 yard line. It is advanced to Auburn three yard line. For three times Georgia hits Auburn's line with her tandem formations and she can't gain an inch. An Auburn player is now declared offside and Auburn penalized one and one half yards (half way to goal line) and Georgia given three more downs. Twice again Georgia unsuccessfully hammers the Auburn line. Auburn is defending her goal with a "do or die" spirit. On the sixth down by a triple pass Woodruff is pulled over for a touchdown. Goal was missed. Score, Auburn, 13; Georgia, 11.

The first half was over and Auburn had certainly worsted Georgia so far.

Second Half.

During this half Auburn was not able to cope with the end runs of Woodruff and other Georgia players. Georgia had found out Auburn's vulnerable point and, following these tactics, two more touchdowns were made.

Several times Georgia tried to go through Auburn's center but found that it held like a stone wall. The strength of our line

was a surprise to Auburn supporters as well as to the Georgia players.

Just as the sun was setting, Georgia made her last touchdown making final score, as goal was missed, Georgia 22; Auburn 13.

Defeated but not disgraced, Auburn had fought to the last—fought as fight was never fought, and as the worn and weary Georgia players left the gridiron, they knew full well that they had fought foemen worthy of their steel.

With grim and dogged determination, Auburn had fought to stave off defeat at the hands of their Georgia rivals, and every Auburn man who saw the game is proud of the team that fought Ketron's men on Thanksgiving Day.

For Auburn, Zac Smith, Hobbie and Reynolds showed up well at line-bucking, frequently going through Georgia for three to seven yards. The work of our line men was especially fine as Georgia scarcely ever gained through it.

"Little" McEniry, our quarterback did some beautiful tackling in the back field and saved Auburn from having a larger score piled up against her.

For Georgia, plucky little Woodruff was easily the star. He did Auburn no little harm by his clever dodging and speed. Ketron, Cox and Killorin played good ball.

Line Up of the Two Teams.
Georgia Position. Auburn.
Brown Center Merkle
Riche Right Guard Venable
Brown and
Ketron Left Guard McPherson
Hoke Right Tackle Paterson
Griffin Left Tackle Adams
Moore Right End Perkins
Sullivan Left End Pierce
Woodruff Quarter McEniry
McWhorter Right Half Back Smith
Cox Left Half Back Hobbie
Killorin Full Back Reynolds
Butler, Referee; Beldon, Umpire;
Halves, 35 min.

THANKSGIVING DEBATE.

(Continued from First Page.)

ated solely in self-defense by the workingman. He tried to show the benefit these labor unions have been to their members—especially in an educational way. He said that the unions raised their members to a higher plane—demanding for them that respect which would not otherwise be accorded—and that altogether their good far out-balanced their evil. When Mr. Alsbrook finished the band struck up with "Down Where the Wurzbarger Flows," and the sorrows of capital and labor were drowned in the musical waters of this popular river.

Mr. Forrester was the next speaker, and with smooth, easy-flowing words began his attack on the organization of labor. He cited instances of strikes where, he said, labor-union-men were not as merciful as Herod in all

his slaughter of the innocents. He also showed cases where the actions of certain of the labor-union-men ran counter to "life, liberty and pursuit of happiness" as dictated by the Constitution. Altogether his speech was polished and well rounded-off. Mr. Walter Samford was the last speaker; and in a strong, determined way proceeded to show how "ill fares the land," and how very ill "where wealth accumulates"—of course applying all of the poet's imagery pictures to the coming woe of a land where organized capital is the order of the day. He used the Standard Oil Company's operation in Alabama as an example, and endeavored to show the harm resulting where the laws of a corporation collided with the laws of a State. His speech showed sound judgment and was well delivered.

The judges were Dr. Anderson, Rev. Mr. Napier and Prof. Scroggs. A decision was rendered in favor of the negative.

Taking them separately or altogether the speeches of the young men were sufficient demonstrations that our literary societies are not on a decline—at least not in quality. And if these speakers may be taken as fair samples of their material, the other colleges of this and other States, whatever their inducements in the way of literary courses, cannot produce better debaters.

Alumni Notes.

C. L. Harold, 1901, is on the Editorial staff of the Birmingham News.

J. E. D. Yonge, who last year held the post-graduate scholarship in English, is studying law at the University of Georgia.

W. W. Dinsmore, 1903, is studying medicine at Johns Hopkins University.

Walker Willis, 1902, is now an architect in Chicago.

W. L. Fleming, 1896, occupies the chair of American History in the University of West Virginia and will soon publish his dissertation for a doctor's degree from Columbia University. The title of the dissertation is "Reconstruction in Alabama." This will be a very valuable contribution to Southern history, as the writer has drawn all his facts from original sources, and the material has never been worked up before. The result of Mr. Fleming's research will make an octavo volume of about 400 pages.

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We make a specially attractive and stylish garment for College MEN and as our garments are always tried on before finishing, we can always guarantee satisfaction.

Note. Our representative will be at the college with a large line of samples early this Spring.

Please hold your order for him.

Basket Ball.

By L. W. DUFFEE.

Several years ago a basket ball team went out of Auburn to play Howard College. The players consisted chiefly of old foot-ball men, accustomed to foot-ball rules and without sufficient training in basket ball. As a result the game was a failure and the season ended right there. Since then there has been little or no interest in this "greatest of indoor sports," and it is our earnest intention to revive this spirit. Auburn has plenty of basket ball material and there is no reason in the world why she cannot develop and turn out (in the future, if not now)—a winning team.

In many of our cities and towns this game has proved itself so fascinating that it has taken first place in athletics, during its season, and the interest in it is steadily increasing everywhere.

Most all competitive sports, when friendly are valuable developers of character as well as muscle. A man who can play through a hard active game as one of the team, without losing his temper, without taking unfair advantage of an opponent, without thought of himself and only of his team's success, can take his defeat good naturedly, has learned that self control by the training received through his boyhood and youth while engaged in play. So also will these same traits developed and modified in his more advanced training crop out in him when "a man of the world."

While this is true of all games it is especially true of basket ball. Few other games can give such thorough discipline and self-control. Many a man has learned more about keeping his temper from playing basket-ball than from a dozen sermons or reading.

For this reason we hope to see more interest taken in the sport here, and a meeting of all interested will be held soon. Be sure and come to it.

After Christmas, we have the class foot-ball games, but there is plenty of time to have basket-ball practice also. Moreover, there are enough fellows in each class who do not play foot-ball to comprise a good basket-ball team. We see no reason, therefore, why we can't have some class game at least this year, and we are confident that this plan meets with approval among every one. So come out and show what you can do.

For the benefit of those who are not familiar with the game a few points may be observed. The rules in basket-ball are very similar to those of foot-ball but the style of play is almost the exact opposite. For instance, running with the ball, hugging the ball, holding the ball over five seconds, pushing, tackling or holding in any way any opponent, or kicking the ball—all these are fouls, and are penalized by giving the other team a clear throw for the goal, which counts one point. A goal from field counts two points.

It is very essential therefore that clean ball be played, at all times. To keep from making fouls takes more practice than most anything else in the game. There being only five players on each team, it is sometimes very hard to decide on the best man, but the fellow who makes his team generally earns it, and to earn it, it is necessary to play ball according to strict rules. This is an important factor and all players are required to get a copy of the rules and study them well before he begins to play. They are not very numerous and can be read in one-half hour. Remember the meeting.

DR. A. H. WHITMAN, DENTIST.

SUCCESSOR TO DR. T. L. COBB.

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T. A. Flanagan, Auburn.

GOOD THINGS TO EAT.

The very nicest things in the of table delicacies kept on hand the time. I carry a full line of and imported canned goods. New goods coming in every week. Fine lard and flour a specialty. Give me a trial.

W. C. Jack



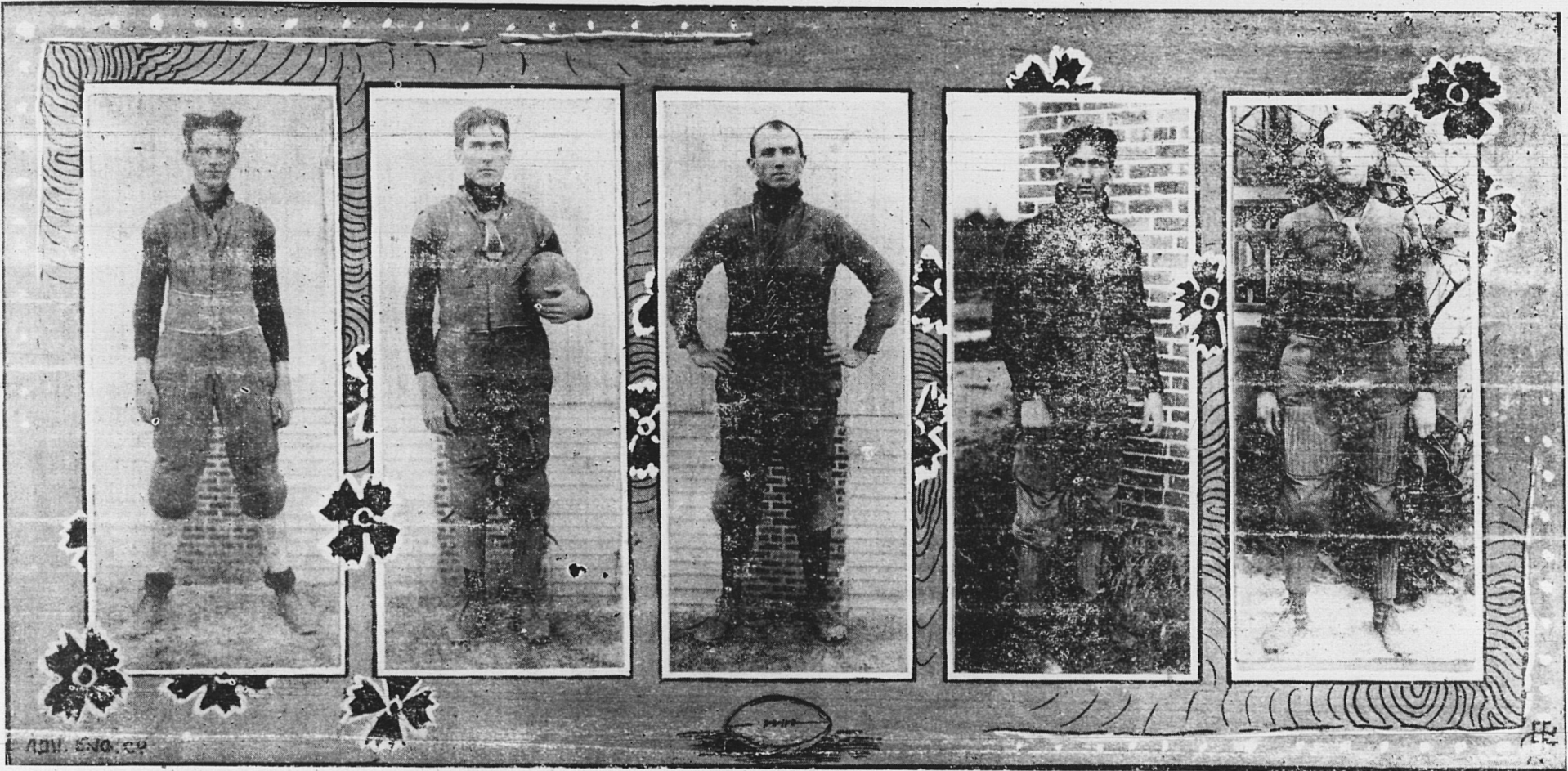
MANAGER HAZARD
He has successfully held up his end of the team work.



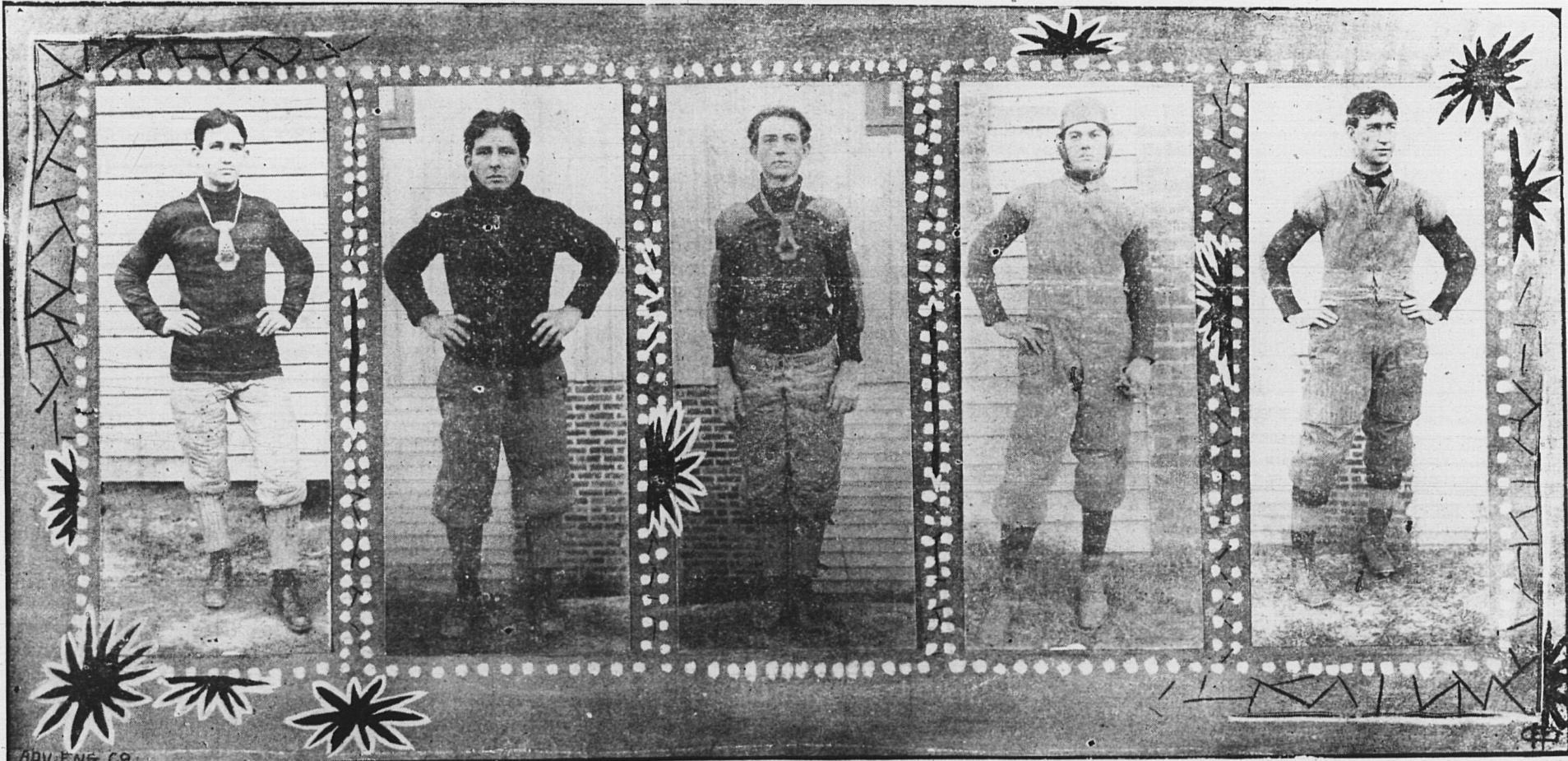
CAPTAIN PATERSON
Age 20, Wt. 161, Ht. 5 ft. 11 in.
There is not a better.



MOON, ALLISON, LACEY AND McADORY
Some of Auburn's old standbys.



L. W. PIERCE	MERKLE	W. VENABLE	W. G. BOYD	Z. P. SMITH
Age 20, Wt. 145, Ht. 5 ft. 11 in.	Age 20, Wt. 160, Ht. 5 ft. 11 in.	Age 20, Wt. 169, Ht. 5 ft. 11 in.	Age 19, Wt. 153, Ht. 5 ft. 11 in.	Age 20, Wt. 131, Ht. 5 ft. 7 in.



W. H. McENIRY	CAMP	PEKKINS	F. G. WARD	HOBBIE
Age 18, Wt. 125, Ht. 5 ft. 6 in.	Age 18, Wt. 120, Ht. 5 ft. 6 in.	Age 17, Wt. 127, Ht. 5 ft. 6 in.	Age 20, Wt. 140, Ht. 5 ft. 9 in.	Age 18, Wt. 152, Ht. 5 ft. 8 in.
J. G. ADAMS	J. S. FLOURNOY	McPHERSON	R. REYNOLDS	SEALE
Age 20, Wt. 154, Ht. 5 ft. 9 in.	Age 17, Wt. 122, Ht. 5 ft. 6 in.	Age 18, Wt. 193, Ht. 5 ft. 11 in.	Age 18, Wt. 147, Ht. 5 ft. 8 in.	Age 19, Wt. 158, Ht. 5 ft. 11 in.

WHEN THE SCORE STOOD TEN TO SIX

By WATSON DAVIS, B. S.

I.
He had loved her passionately for years, in fact, ever since the time when as wee children they went to the same kindergarten. John had also loved her and John was great and strong, while he—well was just the opposite, and hence received from her more pity than admiration.

He was not blind. He understood.

Three years ago he had left for college, left not as a buoyant boy first loose from the restraints of home, but delicate, morbidly retrospective, and painfully conscience of his weak physique.

She had given him pitying words of encouragement. He had thanked her for them but cursed them in his mind. He could and would return to her a man not needing her pity. Two years of strenuous endeavor, of scrubbing for the foot-ball team, of cross-country runs, of track team work and in the third he was on Auburn's varsity eleven. And during all this time he had not seen her, although many letters passed between them, she, still pitying, he, silent as to himself.

II.

It was Wednesday and the tigers had just reached Atlanta. These men of Auburn were small but plucky, small but desperately in earnest. Yet the public did not know or wish to know their sentiments. Georgia outweighed them 20 pounds to the man. Bets were 4 to 1 on the brawny giants from Athens.

Tomorrow would decide.

III.

She was opening her morning's mail. "Why a note from Harry,"

she said. She glanced quickly over it. "Go to the theatre with him and wear his colors," she murmured to herself. To wear the losing colors and then to go with Harry who was after all, she thought, a little sickly boy who should be at home! She hoped for something more—sensational and striking. Why not Georgia colors and Georgia's brawny captain for an escort. She stood irresolute, a victim of pity and vanity. The latter triumphed! "Am sorry, dear Harry," she wrote, "but am going with John. I hope you will call and see me before you return. Be sure and wrap up well at the game this afternoon for you know how susceptible you are to cold. With regrets, I am, yours, Estelle."

Smithson read and swore between clenched teeth. Again he understood.

IV.

The wind had been blowing great guns all the morning. Banks of clouds had been marching steadily south as if flying from some dreaded antagonist. At 2:30 the grand stand, bleachers and side lines were full, for thousands were there to witness the coming struggle. The thousands stood breathless, the cold north wind itself suddenly ceased to blow as the shrill piercing note of the referee's whistle sounded to battle.

The game was on. And now triumphant voices roared encouragement to the giants from Athens. Foot by foot, yard by yard the tigers were forced back. Then a fumble, a rush, and the tigers scored on a fluke. The men of the red and black awoke anew. The tigers fought manfully, des-

perately, but forward, ever forward lunged the heavy men from Athens. Covered with blood, bruised, and seemingly beaten, the team from Auburn retired to its corner of the field at the end of the first half. The clear cut 10 to 6 on the score board told the dismal tale; and the second half was the longer. Bets had risen to 5 to 1 on Georgia.

Again the referee's whistle screamed forth; again the thousands leaned forward with bated breath. The captain from Athens paused ere he sent the oval spinning into Auburn's territory. He paused and looked around and as he did so a girl in a tatty rose and waived his colors.

He saw, recognized her, and bowed. A great shout went up. The ball spun through the air, with a crash the two teams lunged toward each other, the death struggle had begun. Up and down the battle surged, the tigers on the defensive, weakening as the half drew to a close. Suddenly the Auburn full back was out and the lythe, broad-shouldered Smithson sprung to take his place. The quarter called the signal. Low to the ground, crouched Smithson, and then forward he plunged for 10 yards. He now gave the signal 24, 16 7, 24. Forward he plunged. 32, 19, 7, 24. Forward he plunged. "For God sake stop him," shrieked a side-line better, "stop him, stop him." But his outcry was lost in the roar and surge of the crowd. 27, 15, 7, 45. Forward he plunged. Could he stand it longer, this colossus, this human earthquake. 45, 16, 7, 32. Forward he plunged. He lay out stretched where he had fallen. The lit-

tle, quarter bent over him. He opened his eyes and staggered to his feet. Again he crouched low 22, 53, 7, 19; and he sprung toward the line. First down. The roar of the crowd was deafening. 22, 13, 7, 93, once more this tiger full-back plunged headlong. He struck the line; it trembled and broke—he was through,—for 20 yards and a touchdown. With cool precision he kicked the goal. Score 10 to 12. O Sweet is victory. Ten thousand people went wild, pandemonium reigned and through it all could be heard the roar of the megaphones:

Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah!

Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah!

Smithson.

V.

The theatre was a blaze of light and all eyes were turned toward the box in which the great Smithson sat. They admired his handsome bearing and the queenly girl, who sat beside him.

Estelle was supremely happy, even though she did wear the losing colors. John had an ankle sprained, so Smithson said, and had asked him to take his place for the evening. She was radiant.

Harry Smithson, the delicate little boy, the weakling had grown into this great, handsome, broad-shouldered man, the hero of the hour, and this hero sat beside her and was to all appearances her devoted admirer. In fact she really knew it, she felt it. The romantic delectation of it all made her long for the play to end, wish for the morrow that she might see the girls of this secret yearning love of hers, this love which she knew now must have been

laying dormant, ever growing stronger by sleep. It was to her a beautiful thought. The orchestra's rendition of Strauss' dreamy waltz had uplifted her soul, and put her in a tender, angelic frame of mind. Yes, she loved this big strong man with all her heart. He leaned toward her. "I finished college in June, you know and then," his gray eyes snapped, "the world to conquer. I am well fixed," he continued, speaking slowly, "well fixed for a beginner as to finances, but," and he paused, "a man to find true happiness in life must have a helpmate." Estelle closed her eyes in a strange ecstasy. "Must have a helpmate," he replied, as if in reverie. The hot blood sur-

ged to her face. The romantic happiness of the moment was too much for her, and she leaned far back amid the folds of the box draperies. "So I wish to marry the sweetest girl in all the world." He leaned toward her and his hand touched hers in the draperies of the box. She was trembling violently. "And Estelle," her bosom heaved, "Estelle," she raised her eyes full of tenderness and yearning, "I want you to take a leading part in the wedding!" he paused. How sweet, she thought is this awkward bashfulness of his. "In the wedding on the first of next July when I marry Mary Tisdale."

The girl at his side started violently with wild and askant eyes.

The orchestra crashed with deafening harmony into the overture. But through the din, as a door to the lobby swung open came the shrill cry: "Extry, Extry, Auburn beat Georgia. Smithson plays big ball."

HOW A PEASANT PLOTTETH AGAINST CERTAIN HUNGRY STUDENTS AND GAINETH THAT WHEREWITH TO PAY HIS TAXES

[EDITORS' NOTE.—This story was sent us by Mr. E. M. Mason, Auburn '00, now of Johns Hopkins. In part he wrote: "The enclosed story is too good to remain unpublished. It was written years ago by an A. P. I. student who had undergone, in some measure, the persecution referred to." We have good reason to believe it was written by Prof. W. O. Scroggs in his younger days, and it is left to the reader to determine whether or no the writer has sufficiently imbued his tale with the reality that certain strenuous events must necessarily have forced upon him.]

Once upon a time there dwelt in a certain country a poor peasant who was at all times hard put to it to provide himself with the wherewithal to feed his good wife and bairns. And as the time was drawing nigh when the shire reeve would come and demand of him the tribute due unto the king, and the lord of the manor was about to send his steward to collect rent of all his retainers, this poor peasant was become sorely troubled and began to cast about in his mind as to how he might gather unto himself enough shillings to pay his rent and taxes and still have barley bread and cheese for his good woman and the children.

Now not afar off from where this poor peasant dwelt there stood a great city, and in that city was a college whither people from all parts of the kingdom sent their sons to learn the arts and sciences and acquire all the wisdom of the sages that abode there. And the students that came to this college were fed beefsteak seven days in the week,

and did loath the sight of it. And the poor peasant knew of this. Therefore he said unto himself: "Behold, the land which I till runneth by the highway, and in that part which bordereth on the highway will I plant great and sweet joints of the cane which containeth seventeen per cent. of sugar. And when on a Sunday afternoon the students, mad with hunger, do escape from the city and come upon the highway in search of food, and when they spy my cane and in their desperation do greedily fall upon it, then will I rise from my hiding place and set upon them with my flail; and I will not let up nor spare until they have paid me their uttermost farthing."

And it was even so. In the spring the peasant planted him great stalks of ribbon cane on his land which bordereth on the highway, so that all men passing might freely behold; and the cane grew and flourished, and every traveller passing that way saw great joints of sweetness above the ground. On six days did the poor peasant till his cotton

and corn; and on the seventh did he watch his cane.

Now as the days began to grow shorter, the students returned to the college from their homes where they had spent the dog days; and after not many days they began to wax hungry. On the seventh day the poor peasant went as was his wont to watch his cane, and behold it was ripe and ready for gathering. Then did he grasp his flail in his hands and did hide himself behind a bush, and lay still. Presently there came along the highway five students, who espied the cane and made for it and did gather them each a stalk. And as soon as the students had stripped the leaves from the stalks and were making ready to ease their hunger, the poor peasant saw that it was time to bestir him. So he arose and made at the students and laid on blows thick as hail and smote the students hip and thigh. And the students would have fled but on account of hunger were weak, and could not. Then they began to lose courage and wist not how to resist, and fell upon their

knees and began to beg for mercy. And the poor peasant continued his work amain even until he was quite spent; and when he was fully satisfied he said unto them: "Behold, give me your wallets and all that is contained therein, else I turn ye over to the bailiff and he cast ye into prison." And it was near the first day of the month, and when the students had gotten them scrip from their homes wherewith to pay their board; and this scrip they had with them in their wallets. So the poor peasant received from them each his wallet with the scrip therein, and sent the five students back to the city, bruised and weary.

Now, when the five had gone their way, the poor peasant gathered him up his flail and the wallets and returned to that place whence he had sallied forth upon the students. Soon there came two more students an hungered like the first, and these likewise he fell upon even as he had done the five, and sent them back empty-handed into the city. And on the afternoon of each seventh day did the poor peasant hide him-

self near the cane; and lo, whenever a student cast his eye upon the cane, him he straightway fell upon and required of him his wallet. Soon the poor peasant's wallet became heavy and fat with the fullness thereof, and when the reeve and the steward demanded their dues, he paid and still had that wherewith to get him food for his household. And no longer did he live on black bread and cheese, but his table was never without meat, and fish and fowl and roast were always in abundance. He gave his children each a silken girdle, and he soon became known as a worthy franklin of his county. And each spring he plants him long rows of cane by the highway; and at the time of each harvest many students, driven thither by hunger, receive a sound drubbing at his hands and deliver over unto him their wallets, lest he set the bailiff upon them.

And truly, methinketh that one stalk of cane planted by the highway is of more value than a score growing unseen in the swamp bottom.

Miss Jennie Reynolds of Auburn.

By WILL A. BRANAN.

PART I.

HE lived, she dwelt among the fortunate beings who came in contact with her—they were both sure of that—she loved certain almond-shaped, chocolate colored feet things—in that she was mortal and very materialistic, they were both sure; but whether she had not been on earth for a passing moment by the gods and was hiding wings under the filmy texture of her dress, or just happened to be one of those rare mortals who are endowed with the qualities of Heaven—of this they were both uncertain. Either one or both of them had the same swift breath could have blown you which house she lived in; the farthest one to the right as you went down Gay street, the one that showed so white through the green of the trees in front of it and against the dark woods behind. It was the only one that either of the rivals could have found at night without counting the palings or whistling to keep his courage up. How well they knew that house—how well they knew Bob—Bob who was more important than mother or brother—Bob, the watch-dog. He was a conglomeration of such inharmonious blotches and yellow stripes as only a dog would take; but what pretty games they called him—for her sake.

When the rivals came upon the scene—that is, came to Auburn, the Reynolds's home held many attractions for the students of Auburn; and the feminine portion of the household was not the least of these attractions. Now as old Mrs. Reynolds was rather past the attractive age, Jennie Reynolds was the magnetic needle around which gravitated as many as could possibly be seated in the parlor when the hostess was not sitting on the sofa. When she was, the sofa was in demand and crowded, and more accommodation was thereby afforded.

Now among all those who swore by her eyes and knew not what color they swore by, there were two who were clipping it down the track of her sweet favour together—to all appearance neck and neck for the goal of the most tender light in her eyes. One was a Varsity man with a big A on his sweater; the other was a scrub, a member of that association which works hard and gets what little honor there is after the pot has been scraped.

To feel something surging through one's body, like white fire; to crouch, to spring, to crouch again; to strain every muscle as if the soul-strings were being strung—that is glorious—that is what makes the blood run hot and strengthens the heart of the Varsity man. But to stand out on the side-lines and see all this done—to strain the heart without moving a muscle, to have the blood come cold to the straining heart with hardly a chance to warm itself against a rival blood—that is the part of the scrub—that is his glory without the name.

The great day was near at hand: Auburn's game with the team from the East. John Moray, Auburn's big Right Guard, trembled for joy; here was his chance, here was where he spent his name in capitals on Fame's white paper. The Scrub's feelings toward the on-coming game were far different from John Moray's: he was Moray's substitute on the team, Moray was the one obstacle, his one hindrance to a place on the team, and—well, it was not conducive to his love for John Moray.

It was the night before the game.

All the other callers had gone, and the Scrub, one of the rivals, was alone with Jennie Reynolds.

"Oh, if I could only play in tomorrow's game! Just one chance—one trial!" he cried appealingly—then half-laughingly. "But you are not the coach, are you, Jennie?"

"No, if I were—what place is it you say you want?—Big Rush, Big Buck, Whole Back, or what?—just anything you say. That is, except the whole eleven; you really couldn't play that, could you, Henry?"

"Oh hush, Jennie, you make my pulse go too rapid. I could play *le diable* himself, if I had you to help me tackle. He would hardly mind you tackling him, the old sinner." The Scrub made a horrible essay to wink, but failed miserably.

"That would be fine, Henry: Jennie Reynolds, right tackle of the Auburn team with Henry Stakely to guard her—zip, zip; but seriously, Henry, why can't you play tomorrow?"

"It is none of your most devoted servant's fault, you can rest assured, sweet one: that big bully, John Moray, has my position on the team; and he isn't liable to lose it—that's all there is to it."

"But he is a pretty good fellow, Henry; he comes to see me quite often—in fact—"

"He does, eh? I had been told he packed the dirt out this way now and then. Well, that's another cookie for his hash. Oh yes, he is a very good fellow—star player, and all that; but there are others, Jennie, you know."

"Among whom Mr. Henry Stakely is not the least to be remembered. I presume you would have me understand," and Jennie Reynolds laid her hand tremulously above her heart and bent towards him in a mock-bow.

The Scrub was on his knees before the bow was half finished and placed his hands where the bow had it given the full length that chivalry demanded, was to end; but Miss Jennie Reynolds was not to be caught thus—she came just near enough to draw the Scrub's breath fast, but no further. Then with a soft little laugh she said, "Oh, Henry!"

"I am here—here at your roll call as ever, little one; ask, and it shall be given you—that is, if Henry Stakely can steal it."

"Well, Henry, I have thought of a way for you to play to-morrow."

"How's that, Jennie? Out with it—if you know a way for your Henry to win his spurs, he would ride the horse to death for you."

"Leave it to me. Just be out on the foot-ball field to-morrow afternoon when the game is called. Quite indifferently, you know; but be on hand in case you are needed," she said, laughing low as if she remembered a joke.

"Tell me all about it, Jennie. How are you going to work it?" The Scrub was rather nervous.

"You go ahead and do some walking about with the ball. I'll tell you about it afterwards. Tell me good-night now, and go." She walked out to the gate with him—that old sagging gate—perhaps you have seen it—it was white once with little curving figures on it and ivy, green, except where lingering arms had pressed it.

"Oh, Jennie—I love you—I love you—oh, God! How is it with you, heart of my soul?"

She did not answer at first—at least you could hardly hear her; then she said in a gasp "Henry!" and walked back toward the house.

PART II.

She wrote the note hurriedly—not forgetting to dot the i's, for she knew John Moray could hardly

read under ordinary circumstances. Then it was ready; there it was, the little decoy:

"Dear Mr. Moray:

"I have thought of something which might possibly interest you because it concerns one towards whom you always manifested a certain degree of friendship—nay, something a little more. If you will come this afternoon at three o'clock I will tell you what it is."

"Your friend,
"JENNIE REYNOLDS."

"That will bring him in a hurry. He will probably have to come in his foot-ball togs: then for the fun of detaining him till after the game. It is rather hard on the poor fellow, but I promised Henry," she mused, after she had addressed the note and sent it by a boy.

John Moray walked quickly up the Reynold's shaded avenue, rang the bell which did not clang quite as loudly as did his heart against the door of his breast. When had there ever been such another event in his life as this?—how long would this spell, this love of Jennie Reynolds for him, John Moray, last? The queen of Auburn had sent him her signet-ring, and he now stood without the portals—he, John Moray—how could that be?

But nevertheless, he braced himself up, felt for the pockets which his foot-ball pants did not have, and blushed furiously when the waiting-maid asked him into the parlor. Then Jennie Reynolds came, and he thought of all the sweetest words in his vocabulary that might possibly squeeze out one honeyed sentence, but they would not.

"Why, Mr. Moray—how glad I am to see you." She sat on the edge of the farthest chair, and glanced down as if confused.

"I s'pose you are—that is—er, I mean—I am well, thank you—how are you?" When Moray finished, he felt guilty of all the crimes in the calendar.

"I haven't been very well lately," she answered. "I have been very sad—what do the poets call it when one sits and dreams and thinks of something—some one—"

"I—don't know, but—er—I will ask them I am scheduled for a game at 3.30—about that note—it sounded as if you might care a little—"

"Oh yes!" (Jennie Reynolds sighed as if sighs were cheap and hearts were going at half price.) "How much I care! No one will ever know but my king—my—"

"That's it—that's the idea. You can call me whatever you like, and king sounds pretty, too." John Moray drew his chair a little closer. "Miss Reynolds—I mean—may I call you Jennie. It's such a pretty name—just suits such a pret—er—exquisite person—I mean lady."

"Why, Mr. Moray—such a charming compliment, and from such an exquisite lady, I mean, gentleman himself. If I were sure that you cared—"

"That I cared! Great stars of Jehosaphat! Why Jennie, my love is now exceeded by—" (to himself, "only where in the deuce is that pretty sentence—oh, yes)—by my good looks (eh—er—that doesn't sound exactly right, but I must go ahead—now I have started) your angelic face is beautiful."

"Oh, Mr. Moray, I am so pleased with your description of me, but isn't it getting rather late? You were to play at 3.30, and it is now after four."

"Good, Lord! What will the coach say?" John Moray grabbed for his hat. "I am too late for the game; but Miss Reynolds" (he had chilled to the Jennie part of it)

"before I go, what was it you had to tell me?"

"Oh, nothing. Only that someone might play in your place on the team this afternoon."

"But how—how in the deuce did you know?" John Moray became suddenly excited. "And why didn't you tell me sooner?"

"Well, I hardly knew myself till you had stayed so long that I was sure of it. And I hardly cared" (this shyly) "to tell you."

"Oh yes, I see!" Moray stalked to the door. "I am worse than stupid. I am the victim of a girl!" And as he went out the girl laughed softly, and whispered "Henry!" to herself in the long hanging mirror on the wall.

When John Moray reached the field the game was nearly over. In answer to the coach's, "What was the matter, Moray?" he replied suddenly, "Got tied up, and couldn't get here." The game was not a particularly brilliant one, and much rushing gave Auburn only a slightly greater score. Henry Stakely did not ride his horse to death as he told Jennie Reynolds he would do, though he had several hard gallops and one good run.

Moray hunted Stakely up when the game was over. Stakely was leaning on another player in a group discussing the details of the game. Moray touched him on the arm and motioned him aside. Stakely slightly lifted his eyebrows at the interruption, but said nothing.

"Stakely, have you the honor of the acquaintance of Miss Reynolds?" Moray spoke slowly as if weighing well each word; but there was a cool glitter in his eye that might have disturbed the equilibrium of the other had he seen it.

"I have," the other answered.

"Perhaps it would give you some satisfaction to know that you played in the game this afternoon because of the tender solicitude manifested in your behalf by this lady."

"What—what do you mean?" Stakely stammered, turning first red, then white. It was only then that he remembered his conversation of the previous evening with Jennie Reynolds.

"What I mean should be plain enough, as you were the chief recipient in the bestowal of Miss Reynolds's interest. In other words, she sent for me and kept me away from the game—presumably, for your sake."

"Cut it out—cut out her name; and we will have it some other way." Stakely was very pale, and steadied himself against the sidewalk post.

"Well, as you will have it—some other way. Come over to the fount and have something hot to drink," he continued. Stakely followed him, understanding the pretense.

Now everyone knows what excellent hot chocolate Soda Jim puts up—brown, not too light or too dark, but the precise shade covered with deep yellow—a cup for the gods, if they did but know it.

"What do you think of it?" Moray asked before their lips had barely touched the cup's edges.

"Oh, it does very well," Stakely answered.

"I think it abominable." At this Soda Jim glanced covertly at Moray. "How now?" Moray continued.

"I think it nice enough," was all Stakely said.

Moray set his cup down with a jar. "Can you stand there and tell me you like it? It's rotten stuff."

"And I—I think it delightful," Stakely spoke slowly, watching the black come and go in Moray's eye.

"Do you tell me this after what I have said about it?" Moray pressed on.

"I say it is exquisitely delightful," Stakely replied.

"Well—take this." Moray reached for his cup of chocolate and flung it out at arm's length at the other. Stakely raised his own cup, and the two cups caught in the air and crashed to the floor.

"Ah—and that will not do," Moray muttered—"this will." He caught at his pocket, drew out his handkerchief, and wiped it in Stakely's face—lightly, quickly, so that the point just touched and stung the least bit. Then with, "You know where to find me," he walked out the door and down the street.

Stakely's face went white with little hectic spots of color concentrated here and there. He had half suspected something of the kind when Moray invited him to drink, and fully suspected it when Moray began talking about the chocolate; but the sudden shattering of the cups had rather dazed him till the point of the handkerchief brought the blood to his face, and with it an understanding of his position.

A crowd of boys pressed around Stakely, excited, quick in their sympathy, eager to know how it happened—asking more questions than they themselves could have answered had they seen it all.

"Yes—yes, we quarreled over the quality of Jim's chocolate here," Stakely answered. Soda Jim heard this, and said nothing; perhaps he suspected that the brown depths of his chocolate was not the only brown—that laughing eyes might have that color too.

"Of course you will fight him," the crowd urged, half afraid he wouldn't.

"Yes—I will fight him—of course," Stakely replied in jerks. "Yes—of course," he repeated slowly.

PART III.

"Jennie, what could have made you do such a thing? I had no idea that night of your intention. I thought it a mere coincidence when he did not appear on the field the afternoon of the game. He has insulted me: the spot burns yet where he struck me—I must fight him. But he had very good provocation: tricked by a girl, and laughed at—for I know you laughed, didn't you?"

"But, Henry, why will you have to fight him? Is there no way—no way to—temporize matters?"

"I must fight him, Jennie: there's no use talking about that. I have challenged him. He said *pistols* and *O'Hara's* bottom, and *pistols* it must be. O'Hara's bottom is about as good a place to burn a fellow up in as you could find this side of hell. I don't mind being scorched a little anyway." Stakely ended with a horse laugh.

"Oh, Henry!" Jennie Reynolds laid her hand on Stakely's arm and turned her face away.

"Well, little girl, what is it?" The gray in Stakely's eye softened the least bit. "I should never have joked with you about such a thing as getting Moray out of the game. I was in fun; but you were thinking of me, were you not, little one?"

When Stakely was gone the girl sat with her head in her palms before the fire which the servant had kindled at her request just before Stakely came. The red of the fire dipped into the dainty blue of her dress, lovingly, caressingly, putting little gold spangles here and there, but dared not touch too harshly the soft white velvet of her neck and the nameless fabric above. "What

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

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A STATEMENT.

We are sending this issue to every man, woman and child we ever heard of, and to a few who have shuffled down the stairs of time and off the edge to that place where you do not have to hug your bed-mate to keep warm. Our liberality is not without policy, for we hope to have every student and many others who take an interest in Auburn on our subscription list by Xmas. If your conscience and your estimation of values will not let you subscribe for what the paper is worth, subscribe for what we are earnestly trying to make it worth. On this issue we have done the best work we were capable of under conditions which were very limiting. Throughout it all we have endeavored to preserve a certain degree of originality; and we wish to thank Mr. George Duglin for his work on the headline "Orange and Blue" and several other head-lines; also Mr. A. G. Jones for several pictures of foot-ball men. We have spared no expense in getting out this issue. It has cost us fifty dollars besides incidental expenses. Of course every issue does not cost like this; but if we get out sixteen or seventeen issues you can see where we stand even if every man (four hundred and fifty) subscribes. But that is not the question—if we please you the expense will be forgotten.

You can purchase copies of this issue at 10 cents from the Kandy Kitchen or from Mr. "Shell" Toomer. If every man who takes an interest in our paper will get two or three copies or more and send them to friends, it may not be worth sending; but your friends will know that you have not forgotten them, and we will not forget you. **THE EDITORS.**

Miss Jennie Reynolds of Auburn

(Continued from Seventh Page.)

can I do to help him—what can I do?" she asked herself over and over. "He must not fight—he might be hurt, and I would be the cause of it." Soon she exclaimed, "Oh, yes—I have it." Then she sat in a study for a long while; then she sprang half-way up. "I will send for John Moray again; he will hardly come, but I will see." And she glanced at the face over the mantle to see if the charms and dreams reflected there were the images of those she felt tingling in her face of flesh. Then the red blood crept to the soft ivory of her neck, up and up, till she said to herself, "Oh, how mean I am!—I am a villain. I mean—" she smilingly apologized to the hearth-rug—"a villain-ess."

When Moray received Jennie Reynolds' second note to come to see her—not quite so open as the first, but with the same hidden meaning, the same obscure promise, he threw it down in contempt. "She must think I am a fool about her," he gasped. "She's pretty; and I—well, I did care a little for her, but I am not so gullible as all that!" As an after-thought, "There's no game she can cheat me out of coinciding with the date of the invitation." He picked up the note and re-read it. "Perhaps she has repented," he reflected. "I'll get satisfaction out of Stakely Saturday night anyway. If she wishes to prolong the game with Stakely as her high lord and protector, it's all right with me."

So it was that Moray again rang the Reynolds' door-bell, and this time Jennie Reynolds answered it herself. The preliminaries were few and quickly dispatched; she held her hand eagerly out to him and he straightened with a stiff bow. When they were seated in the parlor she began: "I sent for you to make an explanation."

"There is none needed—none in the least," Moray spoke quietly. "But there is. You know what I have done, and perhaps you know the reason. The reason was—" Jennie Reynolds trembled all over; and laughed a little hysterically. "Can you forgive me—this once?" "There is nothing to forgive—nothing that I can ask of you."

"And yet you are going to fight him on account of it—are you not?" she asked brokenly.

"To whom do you refer by him: there are several in my acquaintance whom I might fight. But—yes, I am going to fight him—if you mean Henry Stakely."

She hung her head. Then she gasped softly, holding out her hands half-pleadingly—"Don't—oh, please don't."

"How can you ask me not to?" he demanded sternly. "How can you? Besides, he has challenged me; we are to have one round with pistols in O'Hara's bottom Saturday night—that is, if the moon is clear—even a little—so that we can see each other at twenty paces."

"Oh," she cried excitedly, "who will give you the pistol with which to fight?"

"I have the honor of selecting the pistols—providing the ammunition, and choosing the place—if that is what you mean?"

"Can't you put shells that won't shoot in the pistols?—empty shells, or something?" she asked eagerly.

"Blanks, you mean. Well, I might do something of the sort; but it is not very probable. I did not strike him in the face for any such farce as that."

Jennie Reynolds bent toward him; her breath came quickly in gusts, hot; and it seemed to Moray

that it would eat his heart away. "For this?" she asked softly, and leaning far over towards him, she held a tiny heart-rocket at her throat.

"—by God—no! That is heart—yes. But John Moray will not sell himself for sullied gold—he's the devil's for no less than heart of blood. Miss Reynolds, your scheme has run its course, and I go." His voice was harsh and pained.

"Yes," she gasped as if struck, "you may go."

(To be continued.)



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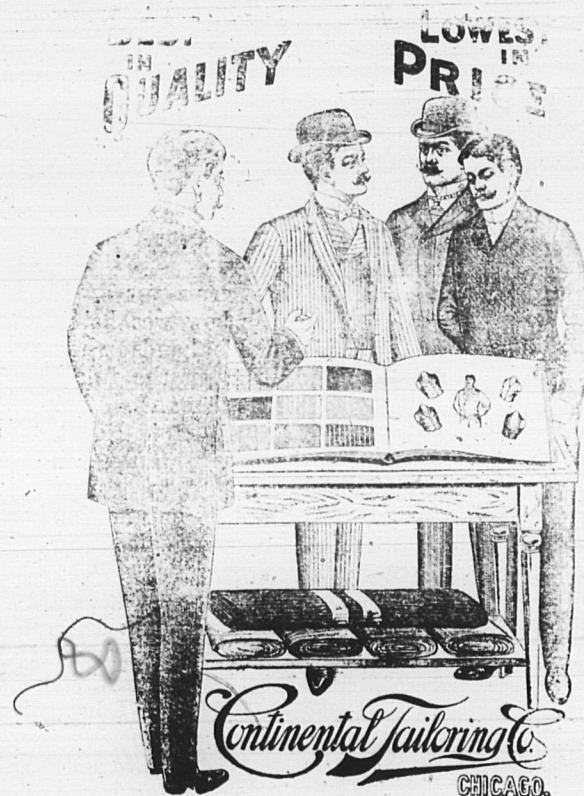
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